



I'm Amber



247 8 14

Chapter 1 by Totally Olive

I'm Amber and this is my story. I'm 16 years old and I have a loving family and a loving boyfriend. But I've been experiencing strange things lately, like something you would see on Supernatural or The X files. It was strange. I started noticing strange things on my 16th birthday. I was driving down a country road when a man wolf thing crossed my path. I thought 'Its late at night I'm tired it probably seeing things' so I continued driving. But the other day these symbols appeared on my arm . I looked up the symbols and there magic symbols. I went to show my mom but they disappeared. 'This is getting really strange' I thought but I went to school anyways.

Chapter 2 by Harlander



Our school's sixth-form common room also served as its sixth-form library. I wasn't a big reader, so I mostly just chilled out and tried to avoid the attention of the boy who *really* wanted everyone to read *Atlas Shrugged*.

The books here were an eclectic selection. Mostly non-fiction with a few more obscure books brought over from the main library by kids who wanted to look smart. (Yeah, Jimmy, I'm sure you're really into *À La Recherche du Temps Perdu*. Give it up already.) The non-fiction books

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Then I saw the book Cedric was reading. He was a bit of a tech nerd, and the book was full of complex diagrams. Diagrams with symbols that looked unsettlingly familiar. The realisation crept over me slowly.

They were *wiring diagrams*.

Feeling utterly confused, I went home at the end of the day. Mum was in the kitchen, cooking dinner. It smelled pretty great, actually.

Mum turned her head and smiled at me. "Hey, honey! How was school?" Her voice sounded a little weird, somehow.

"Oh, y'know, all right," you say with a shrug. Mum laughed. "Teenagers," she said. Then she said it again. "T-t-t-t-teenagers!" she stuttered. Her jaw flapped like it had a broken hinge.

"Mum, are you all right?" you ask. This was weird, and on top of what happened earlier, you were getting pretty worried.

"I'm j-j-j-just ffffiinnneee, honey," she said, her voice fluctuating like an old-fashioned tape recorder where the tape was getting pinched.

"Now, go wash wash wash wash wash-" Mum suddenly lurched forward and slammed her head against an overhead cabinet. A spiderweb of cracks worked its way across her forehead. "-wash wash wash wash wash wash wash!"

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"Mum?"

Her body twitched like the work of an incompetent puppeteer. Her head swung around to face me, and her eyes glowed with red light!

"TARGET ACQUIRED. KILL MODE ENGAGED," Mum bellowed in that unnatural voice. She stretched out her hands, and they unfolded right back to her elbows, revealing what could only be the barrels of twin rotary autocannons! I didn't waste a second. I turned and ran out of the house.

Chapter 4 by Gabriel Duke



I sprinted as fast as I could down the road. I wasn't usually a fast runner, but I felt I was flying on adrenaline. The only place I knew nearby was my boyfriend's. I just hoped he wasn't a crazy robot too.

Vaulting over the neighbour's garden fences as they were shredded at my heels by the cannons pinpoint bursts of ammunition fire, all I could think about was whether or not I had put the bins out! It wasn't even something I would normally care about. Yet I couldn't shake it from my mind.

Chapter 5 by William Carmen



The bins! of course!

I glanced over my shoulder just in time to see the enormous snake robot rising out of the garbage can in the front of my yard.

I pulled out my handgun that I had always carried around and shot at the monster several times, but the metal encasing the real beast simply deflected the bullets.

"Oh well" I thought *"I guess it was a good life"*

The world erupted in flames, and I was thrown up, up, UP!

I was probably at the height that planes fly at.

Then a plane hit me.

I was just barely able to grab onto the wing of the plane to snap a few selfies, put a filter on them, and post them to my private Instagram account before I fell.

"I guess it was a good life" I thought, but before I could reach the ground, I was hit by another plane. I peeked in the captain's quarters, saw a lobster being cooked, and started dancing to "Uptown Funk".

And that's when I knew, I had overdosed for the second time this week.

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